

(1)

A Pindarique Ode

By way of Panegyrick, upon the Glorious
Conquests of Magnanimous K. *WILLIAM* in the
Campagne of 92. Presented to him at his Return.

I.

LET the *Parnassian* immortal Quire
On this August Occasion tune their choicest Lyre;
And inspire each Poets breast
With Raptures more Heroick far,
Than *Tasso's*, *Homer's*, or great *Virgil's* are;
Let them club all their Furies into one,
By none of these alone
This Sovereign Subject can be worthily express'd.
Let loud-mouth'd *Fame* her shrillest Trumpet take,
And blow till both her big-swoln Cheeks and Lungs do ake,
And startle the World both far and near,
Th' astonishing Noise to hear.
Let her brisk sounds thorough the trembling Sky
To Heavens High-arch't Roof upward fly,
And many Stories higher;
And thence an Universal Eccho make,
Able to stun all *Europe*, and make *France* to quake.
Proud *France* that dares to vye
With Royal *WILLIAMS* matchless power and deepest policy.
The Subject is so Glorious and High,
That, as he did his Foes, it makes Wit prostrate lye.
Victory, compleat *Victory*,
Victories crowding one another so,
As if they did together grow
In a continue Row,
Which mow'd whole Armies down, and did annihilate the Foe.
These, these are the great Themes I sing,
Th' unheard of Victories of Great *Britains* King,
Renowned *WILLIAM*, whose All-conquering hand,
Has *France* subdu'd, sav'd and enrich't our happy Land.

(2)
I I.

Now had the wanton Spring begun,
To teem with the sweet Issue of the youthful Sun,
When *WILLIAM*, *Europes* Sword, and *Englands* Shield,
With Numerous Armies took and shook the Field.
A Hundred Thousand bold and daring Hearts,
To whom his single Valour Warlike Heat imparts,
With strutting Marches did all over
Glad *Flanders* cover.

France heard the Noise of this great Hoast,
And quak't for fear,
King *WILLIAM* should come near,
Whose Valour they had try'd too often to their Cost.
Yet to preserve an ill-got Name,
Something they must do for shame.
Towards him King *LEWIS* in a trembling Fright
Crept slowly, but yet durst not fight.
To save his Credit he did feign
He could not pass *Mehaigne*.

Poor *Luxemburg* stood still and gaz'd, mean while,
Great unconcerned *WILLIAM* at their Cowardise did smile.
But when they saw him move, and's Colours wave,
His very fight the Vict'ry gave;
Away ran all the *French*, each striving one to save.
But, as the Coward *Bessus*, who for fear did fly,
By chance ran on the *Foe* and got the Victory;
So by ill Luck they in their Flight,
On poor *Namur* did light;
And for their shelter took the easie Town;
But Thanks to *WILLIAM's* Valour, not their own.
'Twas he that made them run,
And 'twas their Fear, not Courage, which the weak Town won.

III.

At first our Monarch's breast with Fury glow'd,
To see that Fools and Cowards often have
Far better Fortune than the Wise and Brave,
And to regain the Town he vow'd.
But noble Pity, which with fierce *Disdain*
In his great Soul alternately did reign,
Did take its turn, and the too harsh Resolve recall'd again.
Great Minds are still most *Merciful*, and so
When *WILLIAM* saw the sad Case of his helpless Foe,

Let

Let them still hold the Town, said he,
 The Free Gift of our Generosity:
 I will not envy them their Lurking-hole,
 Let them enjoy't without Controul.
 I'll beat them in the Field; This, this Design
 Is only worthy to be called *mine*.

I V.

He fought their Army long time round about,
 But could not find them out,
 At length his piercing Eye
 Made clearer by quick sighted policy,
 Discover'd how they did near *Steen-kerk* ly;
 With brakes and bushes shrowded
 And with thick blinds of Woods beclouded,
 Just as the Knights-bridge Army lay.
 When the two Monarchs *Ugh* and *Phys*: the *Breniford* Realms did sway.
 So, in her form finding the Timorous Hare
 Or as *Moss* caught his Mare,
 He set upon them, who straightway begun
 With nimble Feet and fainting Hearts to run,
 But (Oh the blind Guide Fortune!) like Cow'rd *Bessus* they,
 Did again quite mistake their way,
 And, thinking to run home, on us they fell,
 And, by running over us, knock't us down pell-mell;
 Not that they hurt a Man of us in Fight.
 But Mortal Power could not resist their fierce and desperate Flight.

V.

Yet Glory's Thirst something to flake,
 Let us, cries WILLIAM, at least *Ipres* take,
 That all the World may say,
 We can take Towns as well as they.
 The powerful Word scarce spoke, our winged Troops did fly,
 And to the Town approached nigh.
 This struck the *French* with more than Panick fear;
Boufflers they sent,
 The wise-laid Project to prevent,
 And in our Army's way,
French Blocks they lay.
 This did Great WILLIAM's high Thoughts fire,
 To conceive Attempts still higher.
Dunkirk, the Christian *Argiers* (if at all
 We the *French* may Christians call)

Dunkirk

Dunkirk shall down, said he, the *Pirates Nest*
Besieg'd, *bomb'd*, *scal'd*, we from their hands will wrest.
 This spoke, Bombs, Canons, by commanding Charm
 Were brought from *Maestricht*, and our Troops did swarm
 Towards the damn'd place whose Doom our Prince had past.
 (And Fate ne're spoke more sure Words than are *His*,
 Nor did his wife *Aym* ever miss.)
 Yet still his *Noble Mercy* did again
 With his *Dread Anger* struggle amain,
 And again got the Victory at last.
 For, seeing the fearful Cowards hye
 New Forts to rear where they secure might lye,
 He generously did scorn
 T'attaque poor Wretches trembling and forlorn ;
 So, back to strong *Maestricht* Wars Thunderbolts were born.

V I.

Wherefore, at our Victorious King's Auspicious Return
 Let all the Sky with *Bonfires* burn,
 The *Bells* ring lofty Welcomes, and the *Tower*
 With thrice-discharged *Peals* express his *Thundering Power*,
 Let Loyal Citizens *Pyramids* invent,
 Such as may over-look their *Monument*,
Mildness in War,
 (As *Rose* that amongst *Byars* grows
 Far more sweetly shows)
 Is more illustrious by far
 Than uncompassionate Cruelty than none does spare.
 And what more *Gallant*, what more *Brave*,
 Than when he could have *kill'd* All, All to *save* !
 He more than *Worlds* does conquer without Blood or Pain,
 Who o're *Himself* does Conquest gain.
 And he's more truly a Victor whose wife Skill
 Can win *Mens Minds*, than he who does their *Bodies kill* !
 No doubt, but when 'tis understood,
 Our Heroe is even to his worst Foes so *Gracious* and so *Good*,
 There can need no rough force of *Arms*,
 Where such sweet *Kindness* charms :
 But by a Stratagem strangely rare and new,
 Attractive *Meekness* all his Foes will straight subdue,
 Make his *enamour'd* Enemies for Peace sue,
 And save our *England* precious Blood, and precious Money too.

Philanar.